25¢ **OUR TOWN**

Year 2 — Eau Claire, may she be right, right or wrong, Eau Claire. — Vol. 3

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE !!

Moorhead, Platteville, Thorp, Marshfield and then the tip-off from a cop to a freak...You'd better stop and look around...Soon. Something other than just paranoia this time. Here it comes. March 11 -- their spring offensive is launched.

Around the first up goes Uniroyal's newest wetdream media flash billboards, "Wanna Die - Dope is a Living Death - Join the Resistance." Good timing, strategy. Burn the fuckers down.

Round I: This one has to go to you and your boys Arvin. Just like you said, everything went like clockwork, according to plan.

Last year they collected us at the Golden Q. This year they came in the early morning and broke in our houses and tore of our sheets if we happened to be sleeping together then sneered with perverted grins for us to get dressed. Last year it was 11, this year 25 (Advice to #s 26, 27, 28: KEEP ON TRUCKIN) of us. That's why more of us call you pigs now Arvin.

Shawn "narc" Riley

Last year Leonard Beltsner did the honors. Leonard is now alive and well in Madison after successfully completing other busts around the state. He has now graduated from narcotics to politics and is doing espionage for the Attorney General. This year it was

Shawn Riley, 5'7" tall, 160 lbs. 34 years old although he looks 24. Long, wavy curly light brown hair with sideburns, hangs over ears. Been a narc since Nov. 1969. Drives a new Duster, white. NOTE TO ALL PRANKSTERS, GANGSTERS AND/OR ASSASSINS: HE'LL BE IN COURT THIS WEEK...It's Just A Shot Away.

One of the people who was busted got a picture of him and some other folks at a party one night. Walgreens conveniently lost the film.

Why no juveniles this time (or was there two, your stories are conflicting.) Maybe you don't want to admit that a half of the JUNIOR HIGH kidz are turning on.

A short note to the Daily Telegram: They didn't take Crazy Horse (Bob Mitchell) from his home like you said. He was sick and they dragged him out of the hospital after his doctor signed the release papers when the day before he was ordered not to walk or move around at all. Dr. Rogers: Lock Your Doors.

To Roger Wold: We liked you Roger, that's the hard part. But... a pig is a pig is a...Guilty as charged.

To Judge Barland: You asked Justine how long she'd "lived this life style, if that's what you call it." That's what we call it, motherfucker and we call it that with the awareness that we will win and that your culture is seeing it's last days.

This issue goes out to all those who were busted...but alone it is nothing. As a community we have to respond, as a people...To much talk Not enough action...Avenge them.

Two weeks before the bust a kid broke a cops jaw at a beer raid. Live like him.

Rumors about Menomonee being busted/ Who'll be the next in line?

paranoia comes from letting them put us on the defensive; convince/ deceive us that we are powerless/ that they are more powerful. Take the offensive...Smash down all your plate glass windows...

DO IT TODAY!

Aftermath

"Where do we go from here,
Chaos or Community"
Jefferson Starship
Blows Against The
Empire

For as long as I can remember the collage kids and community kids have been isolated from each other. It seems that the only time they really try to get it on together is if they are crowded together listening to a show band and ogling the opposite sex at the Barr.

Many of us have a dream that someday the collage and community would come together and put all that youthful love and energy to use in order to, (shall we say break with tradition) and create a stimulating beautiful environment in River City, namely Our Community or Our Town as it is sometimes called by vetrans of the struggle.

We hoped that Rock Concerts would do the trick but we were told that the collage people felt that it was a little risky or too uncool to be mixing it up with all the high skool-jr. high townies.

"Let the children feel you
Let the children lead you"

Well the prophecy was fulfilled and our concerts (sll though succesful) usually end up with about 60% youthful hobbits and not too many representatives from the older freak population.

But things maybe changing thanks to chief Zielsdorph and the city Fathers (you know the whiteshirts piggies from Uniroyal, Sterling Pulp and Paper, and Presto.) Last year's raid was mostly young community brothers. This year Yippie organizer Zielsdorph set his sights on a more varied segment of the crazies. The chief rounded the kids up, regardless of age, sex or commitment to what some call da REBOLUTION. Collage brothers and sisters, workers, local dropouts, and hobbits were all brought

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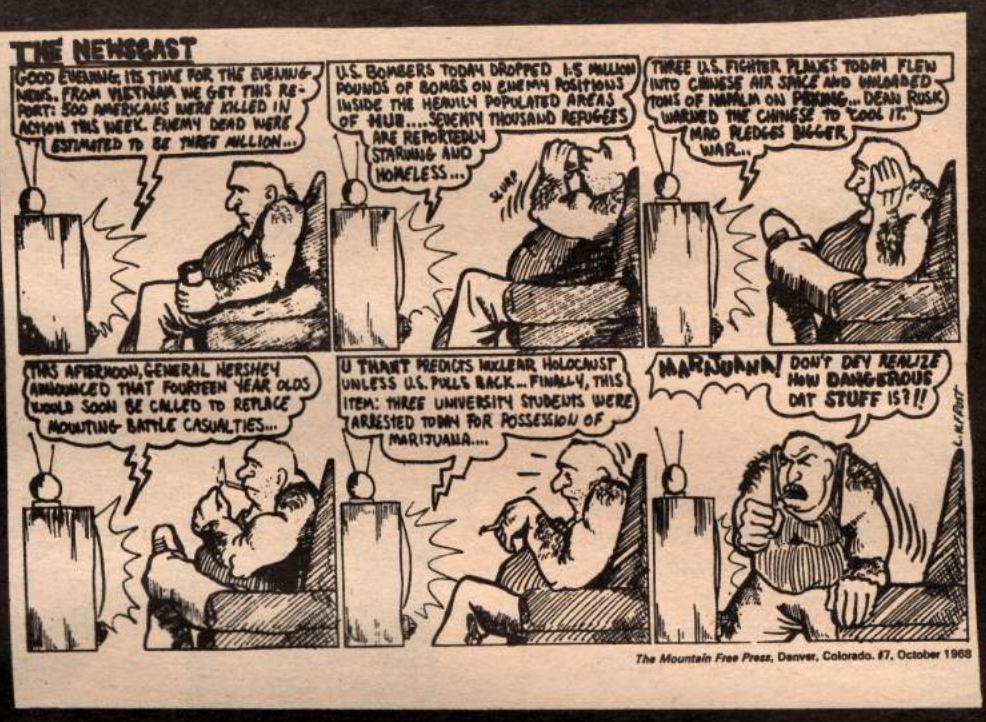
SKOOL NOOZ

I was going to see if I could get back in school at Chi-High. After talking to the student counsellor he talked to North High about my grades, credits, etc. and he felt it a good idea, so I was maybe going to start classes this week. Then Thursday of last week (March 5?) I went up to the school during lunch-hour to talk to a girl I know. I walked her to class and was on my way out the door when out of nowhere comes the vice-principal and tells me I have one minute to get out of the school and off the grounds and to never come back. I told him I might start school next week, he said he doubted it because he had something to say about the people who went to school there. So I proceeded to leave, when a friend (Jeff Collins) and talked to him for a short while, the vice-principal, Mr. Rykal, comes and tells us to sit in the office while he called the pigs. Then he had us both arrested for: 1. Disturbing the Peace, 2. Disorderly Conduct, 3. Loitering. Two pigs to us to the station where the desk sargeant hassled Jeff about the bundle of Our Towns that Jeff had. He said all they were good for was ass wipe. So I said if you want you can buy one for a quarter and wipe your ass with it. We were then led into the cells, stripped and checked for dope. I was then transferred to the Chippewa County Jail for two days until my parole officer (Mr. Hadt) came and got me out and told me to move back with my folks, and not to go back to Chipperville or I'd get my parole revoked. Jeff was sent back to the Sacred Heart Banana Ward.



Cy Berg (Remember the guidance (?) counsellor from Memorial who instituted the raid on John and Bob Mitchell's house a couple of months ago?) has warned Our Town hawkers that next time he finds them selling papers he'll call the pigs and have them arrested.

Brian Budolofson (Pigeon) and Kevin McDonnell were suspended from Altoona for smoking in the cans. It was the first time (that they had been caught at least.)

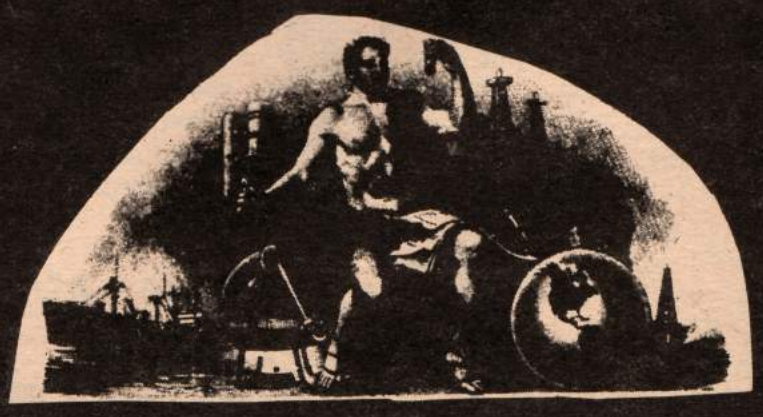
Steve Potter was suspended from Memorial High for holding hands with a girl in between classes.

Also hawkers at Altoona have been hassled and intimidated by Robert (Bongo) Bredeson, who resides as principal/and the main hassler of freaks and other folks.

be ready for anything

Jon Jorganson was suspended for smoking outside the school at Memorial.

It seems as if the high schools are trying to reassure the kidz of their almighty power before spring comes and the kidz start going crazy in the Klassrooms.



If you get hassled, busted, suspended or whatever in your school, neighborhood or on the streets why don't you drop us a line at Box 611 here in Eau Claire so we can keep an eye on the pigs spring offensive.

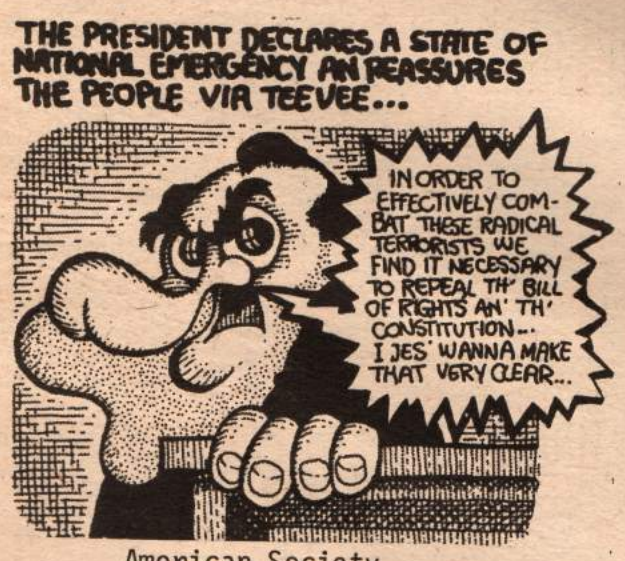
VIC ORTIZ

our freak in washington

The White House Conference on Youth, scheduled for April 18-22, is a meeting of 1000 youth (young people between the ages of 14 and 24) and 500 adults in "positions of influence." The expressed purpose of the decenial convention is to bring about communication between those in "positions of power" and the young of this country; to bring about programs and changes that will ultimately benefit and reconcile the positions of young and old alike.

To the revolutionary people of this country such a conference poses the potential threat of allowing the White House another way of avoiding the central issues of our national values and priorities which make life meaningless to so many and utter hell for so many more, (Vietnamese, non-white people, and our oppressed young whites.) By having white, establishment sociologists write emperical statements and do massive surveys the conference will fall into the trap of having adults talk about youth rather than with them.

However, the ten task forces doing research for the April conference have the same two-thirds majority of youth membership that the conference itself will have. As a revolutionary and a member of the task force entitled Values, Ethics, and Culture I wrote the following paper as a radical analysis of how the dominent culture got in its present shape in response to the kind of papers currently being written by adult sociologists.



American Society

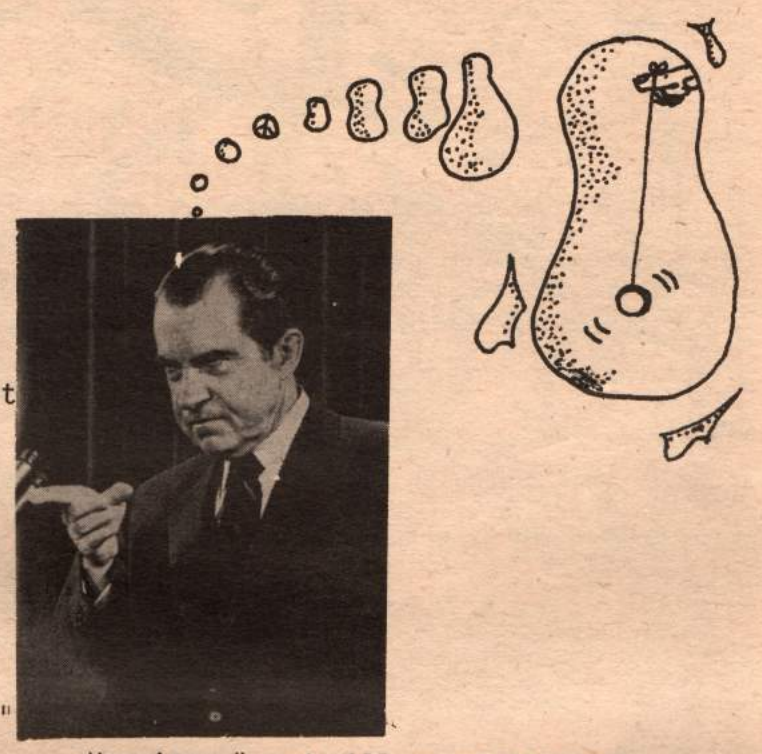
An analysis of contemporary American society, as any expressed perception, must ultimately be a subjective analysis. It is the perception of the writer of this paper that today's radical American youth view the history and cultural developement of this country in a substantially different way from the classical history text approach and hence relate to the present situation from a different perspective. It is therefore important that some attempt be made by a young radical to express that perspective for this conference.

It is diffucult to state exactly when man first began to percieve himself as an entity separate from his social and physical environment. It is probable that the perception arose simultaniously with the symbolic structuring of thought into language. The most apparent divisions into separate entities are the organism/environment, mind/body, material/spiritual, (or Creator/created.) "Then God said, "Let us make man in our own image,...; and let them have dominion... over all the earth, and over every creaping thing that creaps upon the earth.'" (Genesis, 1:26) For some reason, posibly the emphasis on dominion, the duality of Western man's perception has caused him to feel that perceived entities were somehow opposing and competing, (man vs. nature, etc.)

From the perception of life experience in terms of competing dualities arose the need for evaluation and hence the establishment of moral codes. This evaluation necessitated the separation of Self. "I evaluate myself, my experience or sensations." From this point dualism in perception can be seen extending itself into the entire realm of abstractions; sin/virtue, and pain (unpleasantness)/ elation (pleasure.) The association of the sinful and painful with eternal damnation in the Christian ethic caused Western man to avoid and escape as much negative sensation as possible. (This is a strong contradiction of the classical Eastern concept of "karma" and the need to confront that which is perceived as negative to learn from the experience.) On the other hand the fear of negative outward sensation caused Western man to look for increasingly superflous and material means of Self satisfaction. The path to the "good life" has been fractured by all of this so that the American Everyman must travel two directions at once: escape from that which is sinful and search for the virtuous.

At this point in the analysis it is commanly and logically asked whether the "path" cannot, in practice, be the same; ie. cannot the escape from the sinful lead to the attainment of virtue? The historical developement of current American culture may prove to be the best key to the understanding of the success of such an approach.

A culture and its coinciding social structure are built on a basic set of values. Most any current high school history text will inform the reader that the United States was founded on the valued priorities of "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of



Happiness" and will go on to supply the persuant history of the country as seen from that perspective. To this radical however, and apparently to many others like him who start with their perceptions of the present situation and try to relate the past, the scene becomes very differn "Ponderosa"-like empires led to the creation of territories, governments, and states.

Because of our belief that an improved standard of living is the result of having more and better of whatever it is that one already has we could not stop at the creation of the continental United States. Domestic imperialism feeds the populous a long line of advertised, prefabricated needs making an empire out of consumer demand. Foreign imperialism bleeds the world of over half of its badly needed resources and maldistributes it to less than ten per cent of the population. The pain of the rest of the world is squelched in the flood of self-inflating propaganda about the glories and rightiousness of the richest and most pwerful nation in the world. Institutional and personal racism and sexism still run rampant in the mainstream of the American Way of life. The hypocracy of a "melting pot" culture based on "rugged individualism" leaves a people starving for meaning and worthwhile human relations in life without the strength of identity to achieve some respite.

To what, then, can the young of this country turn who see their history in this light? Industry looks to cybernated escape through push-button relinquishment of pain and drudgery. Schools offer a chance to fit in and find the accepted forms of security through credentiality. The church offers redemption from the whole. It is now clear to many young people that is needed is a wide-spread reassessment of man's relationship with his total environment; social and physical: a cultural revolution.

Whether it be through the use of drugs or meditation or simple obser-

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THERE IS A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING... AND THIS DAY IS A "FIRST" FOR MANY THINGS TOUCHING SUPERBOY'S LIFE!

B-TRY 2

(It can be

All rite, now shut the f*%@ up. Ok, let's really f&$# 'em royally this time: A-248-Blue, on two. Spike, you gotta take that big-mouth mutherf@¢&er wide, if he don't wanna go just get rid of him. All rite now, A-248-Blue on two. Ready?

BREAK!

a punt that goes straight up and hypnotizes everybody but a big tackle who grabs it and goes 35 yards for

BREAK!

"I don't like Kaleidoscope very much, they appeal to the eight-or-ten year old mind" - chess player in the Rat

BREAK!

I'm doing what every normal red-blooded American boy does. Don't make waves. That's the secret of success in this country. I'm tired of being a hippie. Just keep nodding my head. - Alex Karras, Detroit Lions

BREAK!

theremustbesomewayouttaherethermst

BREAK!

"This fundamental relation of the One & the Many, Individual & Social, Individual & Universal, leader and followers, representative & ranks, the part & the whole, is structurally imposed on the players of cricket."
- CLR James, West Indian Black&Reds

BREAK!

conceived about the time another was a-borning a couple-three miles to the south & east

BREAK!

...ain't no life nowhere...

RAH RAH RAH RAH ZIS-BOOM BAAH
(..heigh ho silver...away..y..y....y
)..y...y... y.

As a young boy he read the news today (oh boy!) on the Comix Page. There he could look, up in the "flash", it's a "sky"! Later, he moved (backwards) to the Sports Page.
NO, NOT A GUY'S GOIN STEADY
This went on for some time. Then one day, wondering about life on other planets, he backed into the Front Page
CUZ IT WOULDN'T BE RITE
There he learned about some older man and woman (married) in the headlines. They were commies TO LEAVE YR BEST GIRL HOME (he wasn't real sure what that meant, but he knew you weren't supposed to do it). So the government strapped them to a couple chairs and shot bolts of electricity thru them ON A SATURDAY NITE

The guy died rite away, but they had to, shoot the juice to her Bruce, again before she quit (Paraphernalia: Madison's all-girl rock group: they do the Stones, Creedence, fire & rain - they gotta got stuff of their own somewhere - after all, after Chuck, Berry got busted for making it all a little too real they never played "Almost Grown" ((gtbckgtbckgt)) on my radio). He read and re-read that part 7 or nine times. Then he flipped back into the Sports Page for maybe ten years after

- the mild contempt for the carefully hip-looking guys in the stands with their store-bought women and their know-it-all raps

flashing into the sky with the rest of the Gang Around Gate 22 (Badger Stadium, Planet Earth), yr apt to smack dap into Paul McCartney running around yelling "Good Morning! Good Morning! Good! Good! Good!" But football has no equivalent to the pitcher. (Meanwhile, back in the huddle: "Say man, lemme tell you bout yo grlfriend...") Footbal doesn't have anything quite like feeling hitting a ball exactly right knowing while it's still up against the bat it's gone either. AH SMAILED SUMTHIN COOKIN at a Badger game is a little like a rock festival because once again, the nite on fire/hair thick & heavy

the Celts are on the rise.

When he was 16, in front of more than 20,000 mobs SO AH (that was the year football first at times seemed like work) LOOK TA SEE what the "colored rain" is goin on under them arc-lites (grass, we played on grass in those days, no nares, just like out in the "country", game time 8:15 and now, just a couple of hours later, there's one minute left...)

You gotta remember, I'm just a little more intelligent than the average human being.
- Denny McLain, Detroit Tigers

Out on the tiles, somewhere between the sideline and the huddle, someone screamed him a play from the Coach

Hmmmmm, slower than guns, thought the kid

(about! festivals, ¢*@#! DOWN!)
about the 30th play the Coach called from the sidelines that nite
THAT'S WHEN AH FOUND OUT so one single play in football is

- out head-and-hip faking a ball-carrier in an open field taking him down grinning into the nite/ and than you put yr arms around me/ & we tumble to the ground/ and then you say/ Yv got flies in yr eyes. (Answer: no flies on Frank.)

about festivals when warriors get together (Valhalla, (t)here make we dey go-come quick!) you have to expect a little rough stuff THEY WUZ-A "excuse me sir: there's more at the door COOKIN ME there's more at the door

where girls move in packs freaking the bigger assholes as naked as the day there's more at the door i want you there's more at the door because once again, the whip cracking day/ hair thick and heavy

the Slavs are on the rise

there's more at the door all of you there's more at the door

Yr gonna be a good boy now, aren't you, Terry - Howard Kosel to Terry Bradshaw, Pittsburg Steelers

there's more at the door all rite now there's more at the door (than a boy)."

"..players trafficking in the elemental human activities, qualities and emotions - attack, defense, courage, gallantry, steadfastness, grandeur, ruse.." - CLR JAMES

(All rite, gentlemen, I said gt)

DOWN!!!

Anyway, to play a Badger game from just outside Gate 22, over by the ticket office, requires some versatility. There's only a narrow chute to see through to the field, so yl need pretty good lateral motion, able to move in any direction to catch an angle, quick and in a crowd of kids

the kid glazed up at the scoreboard clock (all tied up)/able to jump without stepping on anyone and to climb without dragging someone down/downfield at incandescing goalposts ninety yds away (don't think) able to anticipate and move with the flow

and steps into the huddle (...i know you deceive me...) able to carry on an intelligent conversation with the nine-year old next to you (Spike, u stupid pud-sucker u grahzny-brahtch u #?*@¢!*%) Meanwhile, back in the huddle: "Hey man, them ain't boots you got on - them's bro-gans!"

opens his mouth (...now here's a surprise...) out of a dream a completely different play, the mirror opposite of the one Coach called, they'd hardly ever practiced it

- to lose, in the mud and in slo-motion, in that endless down, you just can't quit, flashing on Butkus and then it's that old steppenwolf feeling again,

stronger now than ever.

However, aided by the "blue stick" with the "blue rope", we now know that Magnificent 7 was the early JFK counter-insurgency brainwash IT'S NOT THE WAY THAT YOU SAY IT you know, a bunch of bandits lurking in the hills preying on some hard-working peasants till the adventurous street-fiting men from N of the border WHEN YOU DO THOSE THINGS TO MEninety yards away as he fades and sets up while 3 or 4 assignments are missed

- sauntering down the field 20-30 yards behind the play-action, watching a bunch of the guys clear the way so one of us can score

IT'S MORE THE WAY YOU REALLY MEAN IT well they showed that movie to the wrong fuckin kids

ICC

and then a Wild Bunch bringing it closer to home

Africa

and now when Jager rips into Under My Thumb we know WHEN YOU TELL ME this time he ain't singin bout no goddam woman WHAT WILL BE...

GET SET!!!

so u get yr sugar sweet but the price u have to pay to get to nowhere has increased a mile less? (o yes it does) a single play in fb is something like a hi-energy explosion, a wild bunch of individual play-actions simultaneous smaller patterns (land sakes, alive a-go-shun!) and large, systems spawning systems, worlds within worlds within Worlds (who put all of this in mo-shun?!)

My mother kept telling me, "Don't worry, everything works out for the best." It all goes to show you, boys. Listen to yr mother.
- Joe Kapp, Boston Patriots

first cple tims he tried cldnt make it nothing happnd then fnd a blk hooker (or maybe she found him)

the Delta

Mr. Thing himself sez football is #1 now that a few hi-school jocks are dropping acid before games, now when the qb's start that things are gonna get ver-ry eenter-resting

Played thru a chute like Gate 22 the play's motivatin round (EASY) like a go-cart in a suprmrkt (ACTION) breaking apart in fragments of motion **listen e-ver-y-bo-dy (speshully u boys)** where once before (GOT A ROCKET) long ago and deep within (IN YR POCKET) we moved in packs like this

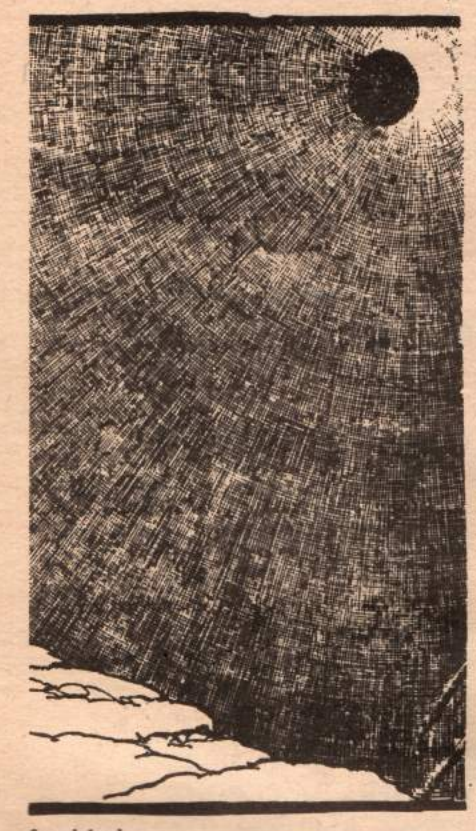
"The bushmen reproduced in one medium not merely animals but the

YR SKOOL!!

a trippy!)

line, the curve, the movement. It supplied in the form they needed a vision of the life they lived " - CLR

the kid cocked his arm got ganged



fumbled
- watching helpless while 2 of em hold yr arms from bhnd and another jumpson the ball on the ol pill

meanwhile, back in the jungle now consists of more than 2oomillion loaded trees

she had a son maybe a year or two younger than him needed help so she did

anyway, it's impossible for any one person to observe one whole play while its going on %sure do hope u boys have "the correct line" by now, but if not just hang around, she goes thru here in 5 or 10 minutes. Her and some "travelin band"..(Get it?)% to know where it's all at, there's too much happening $Cumon Leroy, i'll hafta tell ya on the run$ too many worlds. But you can be part of it WHEN YR A JET riding the wave play after play that Great Big Football Game in the Sky YR A JET ALL THE WAY so welcome to the stadium (guess y'all know why we're here)

HUT TWO !!!

"That...perfect flow of motion...men, since they have been men, have always sought and always will." - CLR

&this time the whole world planet really is watching FROM YR FIRST someone once told me "tribalism" is on the rise all over the world's watchin well i ain't no expert, but seem remember from somespace i once or thrice "CIGARETTE" sometime, in tribal societies, a certain proportion of the men - not all, but some - are supposed to be warriors

beat state!
- Alfred E. Newman

energy TO YR LAST kid's team lost the game next play DYING he cried for over an hour running off field on bus the dressing room the shower's energy pours DAY an old tribal game like (Celt) hurling on tv flash clear the origin of team sports

energy spurts

he came down 2 days later, realized what happened, why that strangely play came out his mouth like that. energy-flows dives jumps flash first girl he ever talked to too (cept for his sister) but that was different too explodes

Aladin's Castle

implodes sorry it had to happen that way lose game let the guys down and all...up around Eau Claire 4 10-yr olds burn down an abandoned barn "Practicing" says the kid...but he never, ever regretted what he'd done that nite...practicing for what? "We dunno" he says "just practicing..."

The Fun House

U & I (ALL I NEED) energy zap! another life-times more dimensions new reality-systems and that half-assed assistant assistant trainer u calld Uncl Ernie taping ankles smiling happy MUST MAKE (let's make neanderthal love!) A PACT practice for war/team sports/gotta feelin WE whole lotta guys/practice gettin (FROM YOU) together

A Magical Mystery Tour...(so step rite this way!)

the Lions the Tigers/for some "exercise" (Hey Spike: u get it yet, dumdum?!!) whole lotta animals MUST BRING whole lotta class (IS ALLA YR LOVE)

we're supposed to fite

Mets & Muleskinners/whole lotta teams SALVATION Dozen Dirty Disciples so he threw a small round rock in btwn 2 warrior bands Boys From Beta and said hit that BACK the Wild Cherry Cough Drops Gang (just us greasers from the east side, dum-dum) not each other/like a rock group

a six-yr old kid dragged me into his room, shut the door so his parents (old friends of mine) wldnt hear, sat me down and looked me in the eye and said

(climb in the back) even Mythland's own We're-Where-It's-At-And-Anybody-Who-Doesn't-Think-Act-Look-And-Feel-Just-Like-Us-Is-A-Piece-Of-Shit Collective like an underground newspaper Gang Around Gate 22 (with yr head in the clouds) bynd paranoia

"Cops everywhere, all kindsa police, everywhere" and i said

satisfaction guaranteed

like a football team someWHERE bynd boredom where life-times merge (and yr gone) bynd (ALL U GOTTA GIVE) where dimensions despair mesh like to turn u on a buncha jocks

- "yeah, I know" and he kept looking so then I jabbed my thumb with my chest and said

i know a place

to help u get THERE places where myriads of reality-systems IS LOVE yr gonna hafta go (TO ME) fuse-each-and-vibe (IS) 2gether

I'LL

- "we're everywhere too" and he looked real hard and said

(ALLA)

so why not call yr student favorite nurse real soon?

BE

to give u some practice

(YR) THERE

(((neanderthal))) to make it real

(LOVE)

...ain't never gonna die...

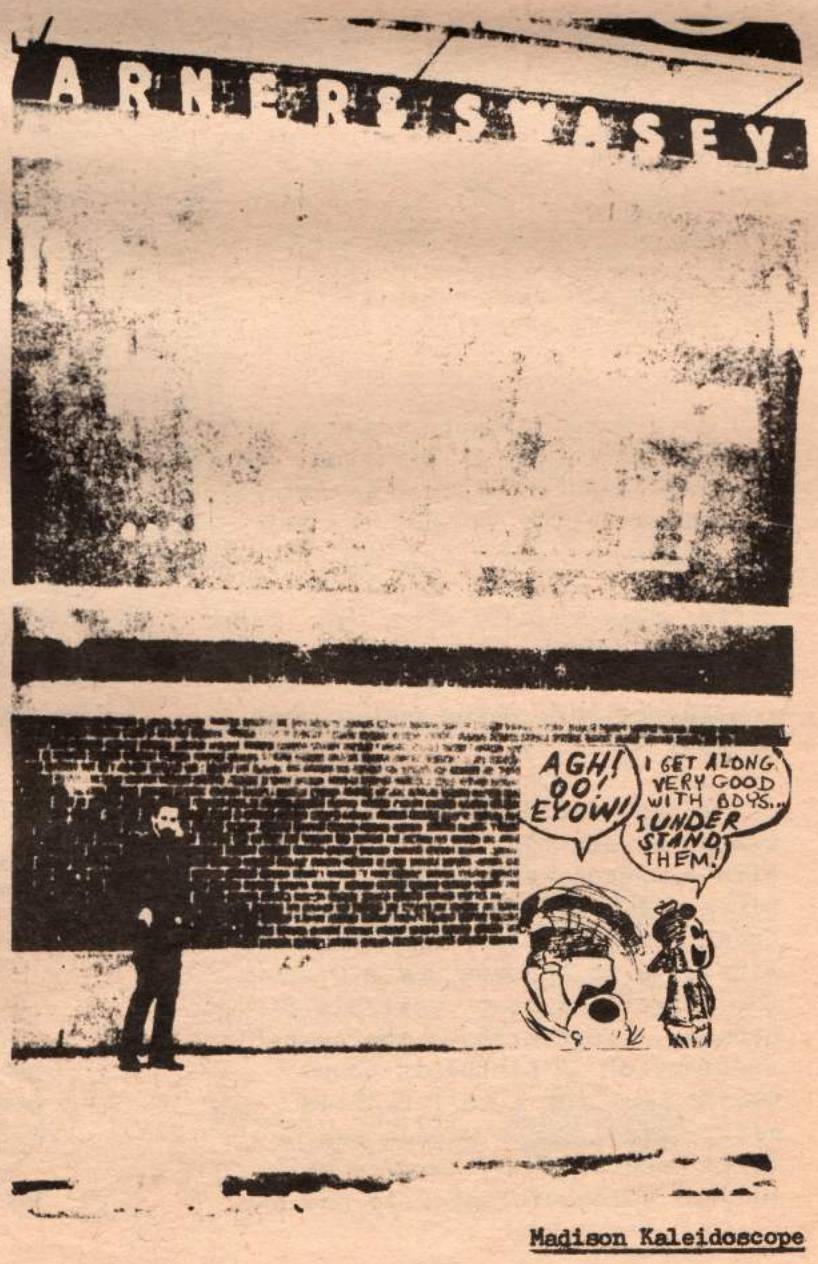
- "yeah, I know"

(whispering) Hey Spike: it's up to you now boy....

HUT TWO!!!!!

(up) Yrs trewly,

the Gip (which, spelt bckwrds, is "hcihw")



Madison Kaleidoscope

das General expounds on weaponry and guerilla warfare

EDITOR'S NOTE: For those not familiar with the background of Klaus Reinhard Wolfgang Schirz von Mendez, the below is a short list of his twenty years as a career militarist... ORDERS AND DECORATIONS: Order of the Flowered Bruce, presented by gay, dashing Nazi Ernst Roehm in 1933 in a sleezy Munich hotel room; The Silver Flame Thrower with Cabbage Cluster, presented 1938 by France of Spain in sheer amazement at von Mendez' ability to supply arms and advice to both sides in the Spanish Civil War...MILITARY ACHIEVEMENTS: Author, Control the World with Zeppelins,1934; Author, How the Graf Zeppelin Crashed, 1937 master planner, battle of Stalingrad (Ferman side); predicted Japanese would bomb Pearl Harbor (in 1955); military adviser to French in Algeria, Batista in Cuba, U.S. in Viet Nam, currently working on book The Zeppelin War in Southeast Asia and military adviser to the new left (paid by J. Edgar Hoover). Whereabouts uncertain, 1937-45

Not since my early days selling factory reject flintlock muskets to African insurrectionists have I so thoroughly injoyed the company of my co-workers, J. Edgar von Hoopler and Reichard Nixton, who tell me that my military assistance to the new left will be of great benefit to them. They are so like the executives and officers I worked with back in the old days, I'll bet they don't wear the same armbands.

Since this is an introductory article, let me begin at the beginning. As a military adviser, I never give tactical or strategic advice; If I did, I'd say fight a Zeppelin revolution, because no one has ever lost a Qeppelin revolution. But I will stick to advice on weapons, logistics, and training.

Obtaining weapons in Amerika is not extremely difficult. Only in a very few jurisdictions is there actual weapons registration, although all weapons purchasers in the U.S. must identify themselves and sign certain documents if they purchase from a federally licensed dealer. Long guns are always easier to obtain, as is ammunition for such pieces.

As a marginal note, let me add that registration of firearms, when it comes--and it will come--works to our advantage in that the very inception of such a proposal creates a momentary glut of weapons on the market very cheaply obtained. Like a run on a bank, or a rush to sell stock in a failing company, lack of confidenct then makes gun-dumping a prudent activity.

If you decide to purchase a weapon at any time, do not bother with a pistol, except as a curiosity piece. A pistol has but one advantage: portability. And the more effective it becomes a s a weapon, the larger and less portable it becomes. Furthermore, the combat accuracy of a pistol is about twenty feet for a well-trained user; surely, such pieces can be fired accurately at targets one jundred yards distant...if one can take the time and trouble to aim very carefully, crouch, remain static, anduse both hands. You are not afforded these comforts in a life or death situation.

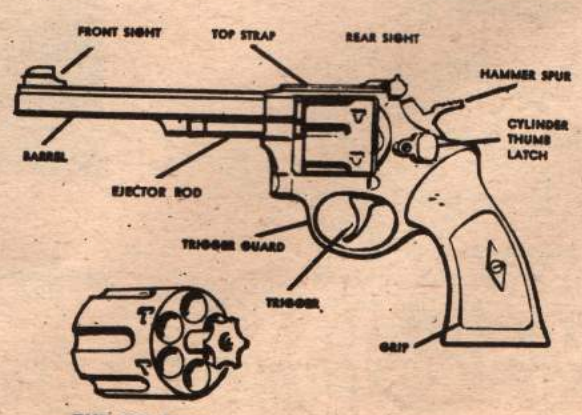
To be brief, a pistol is a good piece for armed robbery. For fighting, it is an excellent paperweight.

Shotguns and rifles are more rational alternatives. The shotgun is easier for a novice to use, but even with slugs, its effective range in the hands of a knowledgalve user is at best 100 meters. With shot, twenty-five meters is maximun for any effectiveness. Remember, you are not shooting birds, you are trying to save your life.

There remains the rifle, whose range in the hands of an expert extends to 1000 meters..and which places 200 yards within easy reach of even the most sloppily trained gunner. It is also logistically efficient in the bolt-actionform, requiring almost no spare parts, little maintance, and no babying.

As a weapon for highly selective, long-range elimination of certain dangerous species of boar, it is unparalleled. A scope of 5-9x is recommended for this very precise work, although general distribution of scope sights creates both a money and logistics problem, in addition to complicationg training problems beyond reasonable limits.

In the next installment of wonderful articles written by me, we shall discuss a two-part problem; how to steal and or make a Zeppelin machine, and how to select your personal weapon. In the meantime, remember, as Timothy Leary say, you, too, can fly like the Zeppelin in the sky.



THE CYLINDER

PROJECTS

1. Organize a plot to shadow all the local pigs and other city official types. Then, next time they try to shaft you with a phony pig rap, pull a quick turnabout.

2. When you pay your taxes, enclose a get well or sympathy card. See what happens.

3. Get together with some friends and send Spiro Agnew, Tricky Dick, and J. Edgar Hoover a lid of grass and/or a gallon of wine. Send it postpaid. Do not send a card. See if they get arrested; better yet see if they get soned.

4. Write an ultra right-wing hate letter to Golda Meir. Sign it Richard Milhous Nixon and enclose some KKK and Nazi Party literature. Send a copy to the Jewish Defense League.

5. Get a hold of some really raunchy porno...label it properly and send it to every public official you can think of. See how many signed up at the Post Office to have such mail returned to sender.

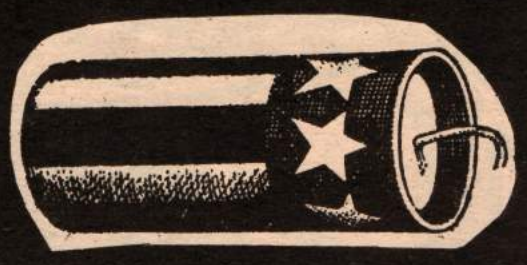
6. Write a sloppy love letter to your favorite public official. Describe a deep sexual involvement. Sign it "Rex." Send another copy to his wife, another to his boss.

7. Go into a department store with your pockets full of merchandise purchased elsewhere. Find out who their security creep is. Seek him out, stand by him and look suspicious. Make sure that you have your sales receipts at home and are carrying brands they handle. When you get pinched, just say the stuff is all paid for and nothing else, then clear yourself (after a formal arrest) and sue them for $25,000. Make a point every day thereafter to go into the store and say "hello" to the security officer.

8. Eat sauerkraut, beans, beer, onions, garlic, and eggs with ten or twenty friends. Then all immediately go shopping at the K-Mart, stationing one guy by the door to see how many people leave and how soon.

CONT. PAGE 10

CAMP PENDLETON, CAL. (LNS) Four marines were arrested and jailed recently when they flashed a peace sign at an MP as they returned to base. They were charged with making an obscene gesture.



HOW MUCH DOES THE WAR COST YOUR FAMILY

Staistical data compiled by Harvard Committee of Concerned Asian Scholar's Fact Sheet reveals that the Indochina War cost the U.S. $140,000,000 or $3000 per family.

This is a dispatch from Reuters, the British news agency: "Frankfurt, Jan. 25; the gorillas at the Frankfurt zoo now have a television set in their cage to stop them from getting bored. According to the zoo, they most enjoy love scenes, weightlifting and motor racing."

Yippie college filmmakers want Trish double for a featured role. Travel, expenses, fringe benefits provided. Send photo. P.O. Box 43, Closter, N.J. 07624

LEILAH KHALED SMOKES HASH AND HIJACKS AIRPLANES LIVE LIKE HER!

Washington, D.C. (LNS) Congressmen live longer than other men, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. finds. The death rate for all Congressmen who took office after 1930, for example, was 20% less than that of men in the general population. One reason: They come from "the more favored socioeconomic segments" of the population.

WAR IS COMING!

Weathermen have taken credit for the bombing of the Capitol Building, but unlike previous Weather Reports it was not signed by the usual crew. Some doubt has been raised as to whether it actually was Weathermen because of the latest NEW MORNING report.

Three thousand radicals, pacifists, construction workers and farmers were on hand in Des Moines, Iowa to protest a visit by Nixon at the State Legislature.

PLANT YO

Spring is coming soon,
seeds, you've been saving,
illegal to possess marijua
this as an educational too

1. Use only large, dark seeds as they are more likely to sprout than the lighter green ones.

2. Take these seeds and place them between layers of wet newspaper or paper toweling. Put them in some dark place and check them in about 2 days. If they have sprouted then you are ready to go on to step 3. If not, wet them alittle and check them again in a couple of more days.

3. Prepare a flat box at least 5 inches high. Cover the bottom with 1 inch of gravel. Then put 3 inches of soil on top.

Male flower stalks extend above the leaves and bear in bundles flowers which have five stamens each and a calyx composed of five overlapping segments.

4. Poke 3/4 inch holes in staggered rows about 2 inches apart. Put one seed in each hole cover and tamp soil lightly. Keep soil moist, but con't drenchit. Seeds will sprout in about 10 days. If planting is being done outdoors wait until after last frost.

5. In about 2 weeks plants should be about 6 inches high Transplant them before sunset so the plants con't have to suffer the hot sun just yet. Make holes about the size of a tennis ball. Stagger rows 2 feet apart. Lift each plant from the box with the tip of a towel making sure not to injure the roots. Place plenty of soil around plant and water, but don't drench them. Keep well watered for first few days.

UR SEED.

d it's time to take all those
d plant them. Because it is
in any form, we are printing
o be used or discarded.

Never water the plants too much as this may cause stem rot.

Marijuana thrives on sunlight. Hot dry climate produces grass with strong resin content. Do not crowd plants, the more sunlight the better.

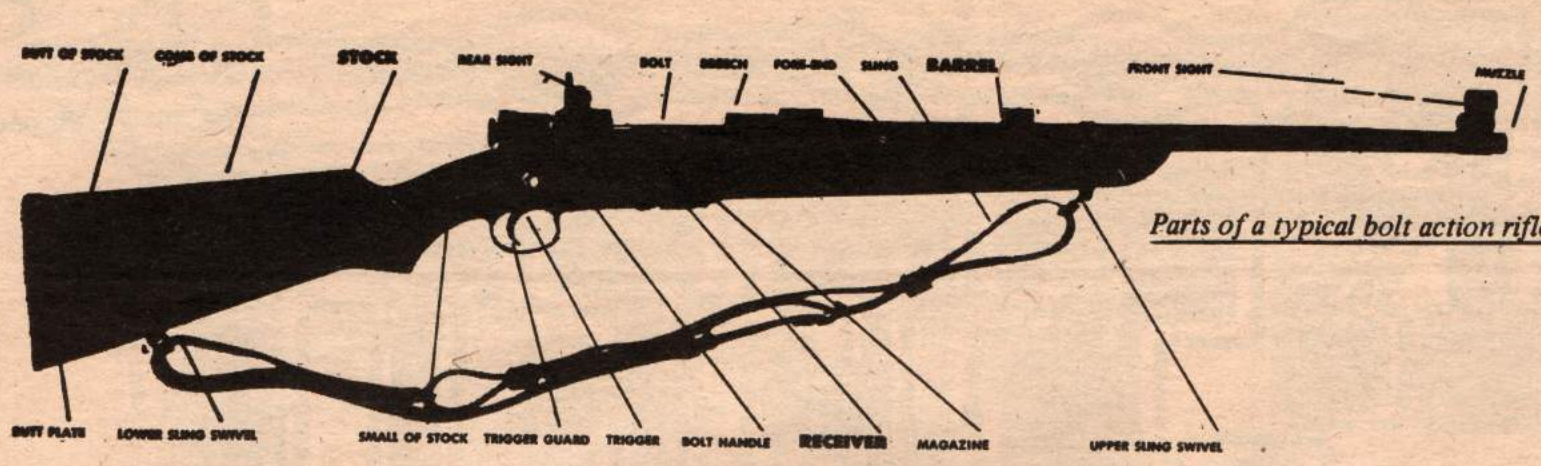
6. When the plants are about 3 feet tall, break off lower leaves. This concentrates the resins and the plant's energies on the upper leaves and flowers. When flower stalks first appear and you cna distinguish males from females destroy all males. Experienced farmers of Indea claim that the resins of the female tops are weakened by pollination from the males. Also at this time stop

Female flowers are inconspicuous and are crowded at the axils among clusters of leaves at the tip. Individual flowers have a very thinly membranous calyx closely applied to the ovary.

watering the plants. When the flowering tops have matured fully and all of the flowers have opened bend and crease the upper third of each plant, but do not break it off. Let the bent and hanging tops dry on the plant for a week or two. Then dry they can be harvested. If rain should threaten while tops are sun-drying harvest immediately and complete drying indoors.

When the plant is dry you can do whatever you want with it. We suggest smoking it, but you can make great foods spiced with it. HAPPY TRAILS!

ARTWORK: BOSIER



Parts of a typical bolt action rifle.

9. Unzip your trousers in front of the Federal Building and, letting it all hang out, run in and volunteer for the draft to be nearer to our boys. You'll get arrested, but I doubt if you'll get drafted.

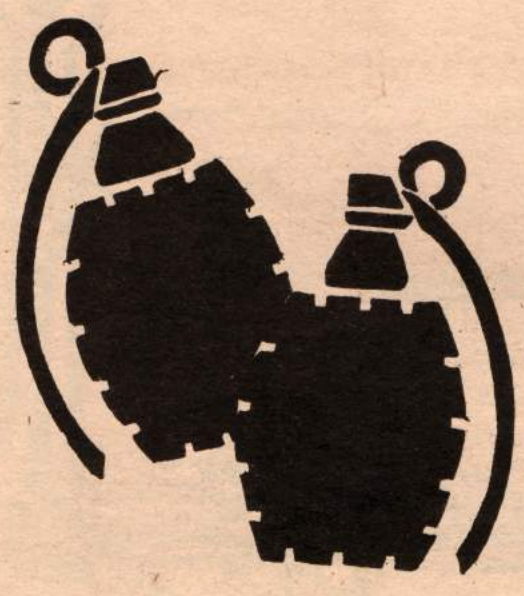
10. If you do get drafted masturbate your rifle and look terribly disappointed when it doesn't ejaculate...if it does ejaculate aim it at your drill instructor.

11. Research and document graft, corruption, land speculation, and various shaft the people fun and games capitalist projects. Photocopy your evidence. Send it to the National Enquirer, complete with pictures. Don't bother with the local paper or authorities... they'll do nothing except have you arrested for disorderly conduct.

12. Have your title of your old '54 Nash or other worthless heap transferred to your favorite teacher or public official. Leave it locked, with the emergency on (if you can scrounge a welding rig, weld the axle to the housing), for six months in a no parking zone.

13. Take out a short term $500,000 life insurance policy on your favorite teacher or public official through one of the mail order insurance joints. Make some other favored policemen or public official the beneficiary and have copies of the policy sent to both. See what happens.

14. Write out what appears to be a sancrosanct secret coded message. If possible, enclose some photos of U.S. military equipment. Put it in an envelope with the return address of someone you don't like in government. Address it to either Fidel in Cuba or someone in North VietNam, Russia, or China. Mail it First Class.



A WORKING CLASS HERO IS SOMETHING TO BE

Buried somewhere is an old labor history textbook are the words scab and blackball. If you read the rose-colored accounts of the beginnings of unionism and have lived a lilly-white life, there's a good chance you think they're just dressed a little differently.

In the Wausau teacher's hassle, which as of this writing is still much alive, the local scandal sheet ran the following ad: Any Teachers interested in teaching in Wausau District Public Schools are asked to call Mrs. Lois Tulane, Director of Instruction at City Hall, Wausau, Wis. 845-5279. Ext. 348
Without commenting on the teacher's demands, and without analysis of the school district's previous ultimatum to the teachers, it's still pretty obvious that teachers are being treated just like the laborer of the 1880's in at least one respect strikers are replaced--if the strike materializes--with "scab" labor.

Another scintillating and invigorating practice we've got wind of here is the tendency for school boards to dig up reasons to get rid of teacher's with advanced degrees or a great deal of seniority. Reason: the pay scale makes them too expensive to keep around. A lot of these old timers may be ripe for replacement, behind the times, and better suited a Gestapo interrogation room than to a classroom. If they're to be replaced, that and that alone should be the reason.

Still there's been a rumor for years in deucation departments around the country that teachers are in a "profession" and somehow different from and better than "laborers". That myth ranks with the old Stephen Douglass saying, "Nigras like slavery."

The real sharp edge of these practices arise not with the facto of dismissal, but with its aftermath. School boards usually find a way to give the worst possible references to the released teacher and usually claim on-the-job misconduct of some kind. The reason: if they can supporttheir misconduct claim with anything at all, the teacher cannot draw unemployment. Among private employers, indeed, the same practice saves lots of poor capitalists lots of money.

Case in point: The S.S. Kresge people, who always try to deny released employees unemployment benefits.

A released K-Mart employee,taking a night course at WSU-EC (a part-time student) was denied his benefits on the basis that he was a student and not a member of the labor force. Naturally it was Kresge who mentioned the point.

At the downtown Kresge store a female clerk was laid off for unspecified reasons. After filing her unemployment claim and getting a couple of checks she received notice that her claim was being contested by the firm.

After six months of delays, waiting, a nervous breakdown, and near starvation, her hearing with the unemployment people and Kresge came. It seems there had been till shortages (twice) amounting to all of $]].00 at her till (which was also worked by another girl in another shift) and that there had been voided slips in her cash bag from time to time. They brought samples of voided slips, none signed by her, none from her working days at the store, and in brief,nothing that really came close to proving misconduct.

Kresge, of course, had to pay the unemployment benefits, but not before the girl paid hundreds of dollars for medical expenses related to her nervous breakdown. Naturally, Kresge gave rotten references to the girl's future potential employers. This was a girl who was straighter than straight and who was lucky enough to ultimately prove their charges a crock of shit.

Others haven't been so lucky. A K-Mart salesman, dismissed for hassling a scarfaced security pimp named Impee, and forced to blow his entire last pay check paying off several items from the store he had on layaway.

After receiving two unemployment checks he was notified that S.S Kresge was disputing his claim. They alleged that he "pilfered", under an obscure statute that doesn't really say you stole anything, just that you made damn sure you didn't pay very much for it.

An inventory in the "Thief's" department afterwards disclosed a $],620 gain--reflective of the fact that this guy had been spending his spare time in the store repairing merchandise that had previously been kept only as spare parts not even inventoried.

Again, Kresge was forced to drop their ridiculous charges and didn't even bother to send their evidence when trial day came.

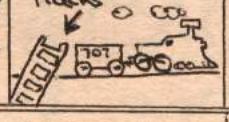
Mother Pig Cartoons by tommyboy Presents: Special "Big Bust" Whoopie Cushion

in honor of the "going like clockwork" big bust in eau claire, tommyboy presents, instead of his usual cartoons, a supplement that may or may not help you in the future. this is a special handbook on busts to help you go out with style which is really all that counts. also, tommyboy's head is just too damn bogged to come up with anything else. thankyou. love, tommyboy.

in every big bust is a cast of characters so, here is tommyboys CAST OF CHARACTERS

1. the dope fiend.

the dope fiend is easily spotted by the sinister look in his face. he is probably waiting to "hook" your parakeet. the fiend also has something called "tracks"



2. the police chief.

the police chief sits around and smiles a lot. the dope fiend doesn't

3. the narc:

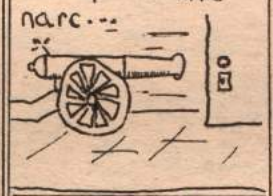
the narc is usually a sharp dresser and sometimes has a dog who can sniff out marijuanna

when that special knock comes on your door, there are several alternatives of action you can take.

1. hide in a clever place.

2. put on a clever disguise.

3. suprise the narc...



4. get help from a friendly freek.

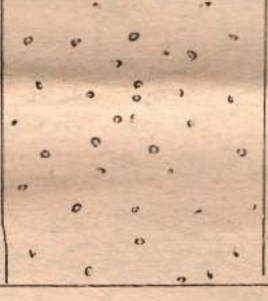
5. but the best, but not necessarily wisest way to respond to the knock is...

if you should hear about "the big bust" in advance there are also some alternative courses of action that can be taken.

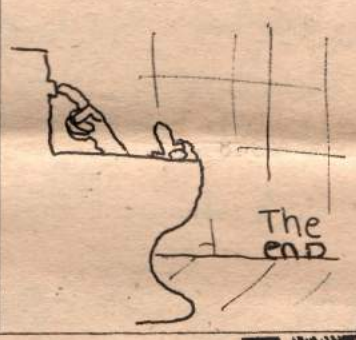
1. move to a secluded place...

2. get stoned *

* no picture required - draw your own kiddies - connect the dots. . .



3. for you paranoids out there ... one can get rid of all the evidence by flushing it down your local toilet...



well kids, my head is getting more and more bogged and i'm going to go stick my poor head in the river awhile. remember: when the knock comes at your door - tell them tommyboy says "POOP ON YOU."

AFTERMATH CONT.

together to face collective justice, in Barland's court.

Now, all we are saying is that people that get busted together should to dance, work, fuck, and fight together. We hope to be able to keep fighting the Psychological Warfare. Ya see if we can combine our forces we can set up legal aide, street sheets, free clinics, block parties, dealers unions, Rock Concerts, organic food stores, non-hip clothing stores, and maybe even a couple of spaced-out Free Skools, dealing with things like psychology, biochemistry, sensitivity groups, astrology, and the occult. Kind of learning how to make the most out of our Spiritual-Physical evolution.

We know the importance of going with the natural flow. But we also know that if the brothers and sisters flow together we will become a tidal wave that rock and rolls right over the plastic stage prop garbage dump Amerikan Civilization.

"Wave goodbye to Amerika
Say hello to the garden"

Interested in some community gardening - stop in and say High at the Our Town Collective.

PRISONERS

Soldiers and Judas to make you penitent
You who tried to live a sacrament
Don't tell anyone what I've done, you'd say
But one of your friends had you taken away
or a stranger you knew would betray
Out to get you, and then one day
The informed broke-in and they'll do it again
to get you out of the way
The decent folks will make you pay
My friends! What can I say to relieve you
And then there's fools asked for it? I believe you
know the difference but Justice? prevails
And the common law fills the jails
My God sees gentle people who've committed no crime
And also the two-face and you (have to) serve (your) time!

Mick McNeely

TACO'S

With the closing of Fournier's and the coming of spring, Taco's has become a new cultural center for kidz in River City. Becoming more than just an alternative to McDonald's shit food right next door, weekends now mean a full basement of folks listening to folk/rock music (Mick McNeely, Mr. Goodbar Goodtime Boogey Band have provided the music for the past couple of weekends.) Krause and Rabbit have been the regulars ever since the basement was opened up for music.

Sunday afternoons might soon be opened up for just music, with the possibility of Foster playing there in the near future.

"Gee, Nice Place..." Why don't ya drop in and check it out. Admission usually runs about fifty cents and a good time is promised to one and all.

Truck On Over!

The Kingdom of Eau Clairol has just finished entertaining its subjects with another performance of the yearly "Miss Eau Claire Pageant." And once again, the fairest maiden endows the area with a queenly smile, a bubbling personality, and a well-laden $ponsor.

Curious as to how this prehistoric pageantry originated, I found its roots back in Greek Mythology:

CURTAINS....

Scene 1- We open on a boy named Paris, recently bestowed with a Golden Apple from the Goddess of Discord. Paris flashes on an idea: he will hold a race between the 3 local goddesses to determine a new owner for the prized apple.

Scene 2- Here we have the 3 local goddesses; Hera, Athena, & Aphrodite, each having been notified of the upcoming race. Goddesses are notorious for their subtle scheming → no 50-yard dashes for these deified dames. A bribe is what each has in mind for Paris..... Hera with her vast wealth, Athena with her knowledge, and Aphrodite with the world's most beautiful bride, Helen.

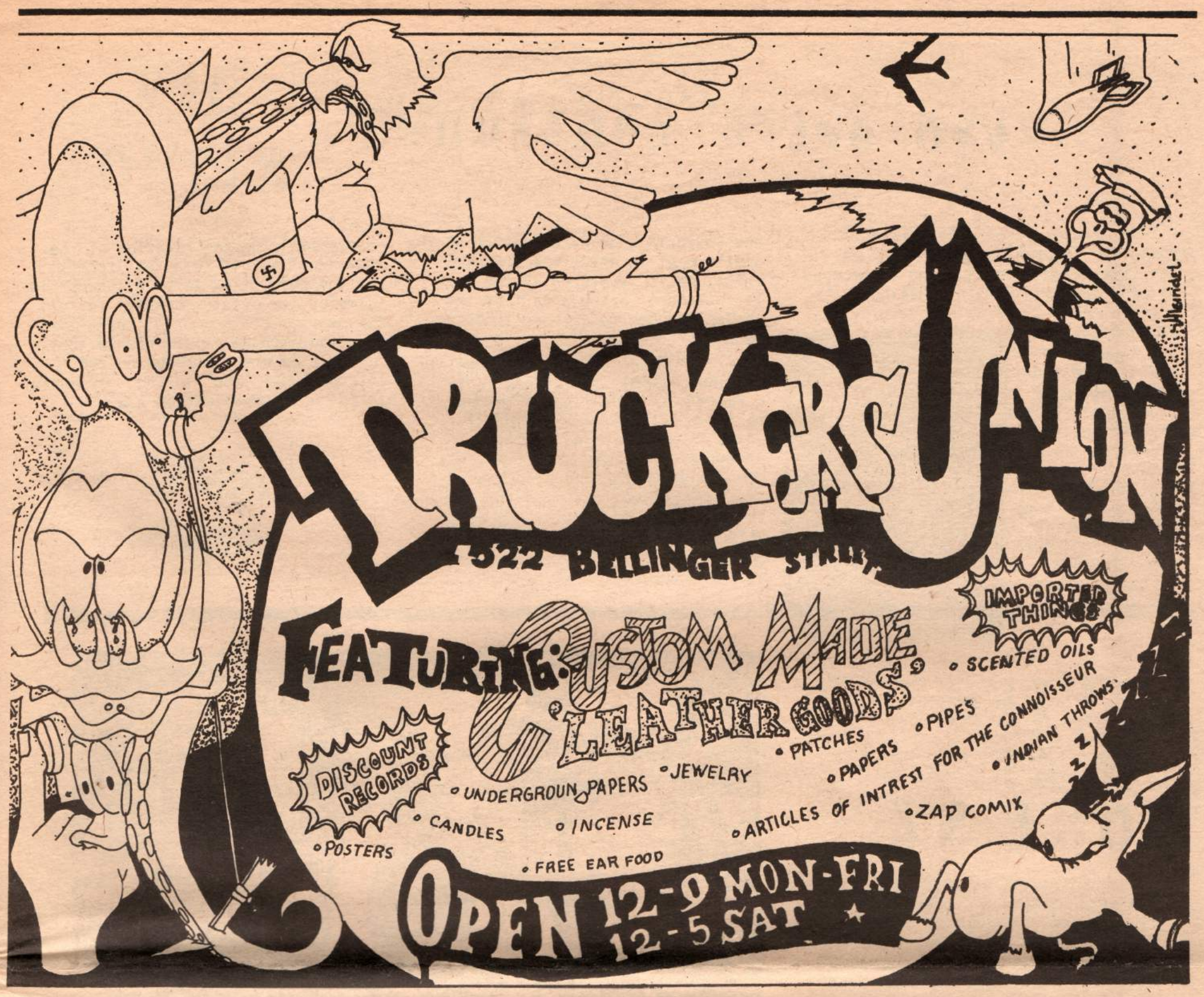
Scene 3- Paris, behind the scenes, has become intoxicated by the bribes of the goddesses. Once on stage, he rips out the apple and hands it to heroin Aphrodite, who smiles, fingering it as best she can. The bridal beauty bribe paid off → Helen walks off the stage, intermingled with Paris. Heard off-stage:

I'm domestic; I can cook, I sew my own clothes and design most of them

Of course, the details have changed over the years; The winners cannot claim Bert Parks or Sherriff Bob.

★WE PROTEST★

1. The Degrading Mindless-Boob-Girlie Symbol.
2. Racism with roses.
3. Miss America as Military Death Mascot.
4. The Consumer Con-Game.
5. Competition Rigged & Unrigged
6. The Woman as Pop Culture Obsolescent Theme.
7. The Unbeatable Madonna-Whore Combination.
8. The Irrelevant Crown on the Throne of Mediocrity.
9. Miss America as Dream Equivalent To — ?
10. Miss America as Big Sister Watching You



WSU Arena March 18
8:00

TOUR DIRECTION:
VARIETY THEATER INTL., INC.
7851 Metro Parkway
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55420

VARIETY THEATER

vic ortiz continued

vation, many of today's radical young are finding a need to look at the life experience as a whole composed of many distinct but interacting integral parts. Forces in nature which were formerly perceived as opposing and competing entities are viewed as balancing and counter-balancing in an imploding/ex ploding heart beat rhthme of life force. The feeling that the life experience is a search for harmony allows the individual to do away with that which is considered to be sinful or bad. All such experience can be viewed as lessons for the learning; the damning power of guilt loses its relevance. Attainment of virtue and comfort through domination of the environment in which the organism functions is replaced by the sat-is faction of being a part of the whole like one note in an immense beautiful chord.

The radical role in this society and the possibility for new social structure is as varied as the people in the movement. The radical life style is an immerging gestalt with practically unlimited possibilites for closure, that is, provided that the dominant culture with its tendancy to perpetuate the status-quo will allow its young to experiment with their life styles. The greatest need is now, as always, the constant reassessment of the relation of the individual to his total environment. For the revolution to be a success in terms of the greates benefit for all the peoples of the world, there must be a fundamental values change that can only be brought about on the interpersonal level through community action and communication now.

LIFE AT LORENZ

I got it together with my fellow residents at Lorenz to ask them what they do, how they feel about being here, and lots more. I don't think I need say any more, you'll here it from the other people. What I think shouldn't be written down, it could be held against me.

Q. What is Lorenz for? What are the people like that work there?

A. Lorenz is a place for "ab-normal" kids with family hang-ups, drug use problems, run aways, juvinile delinquints, hyperactive kids, and those with other pro-blems. They are not able to fit or adjust into society so they are pulled out and put into an unreal and a bnormal setting-and that really sucks.

A. The people who work at Lorenz pretend to care about us. Some do, but not the great majority of them. Once they get the feeling of the power that they have over us they go over-board with control. Twenty-four hour restrictions (denial of "priviledges"- our basic rights) for not making our beds, not go-ing to meals, etc. They are fake-they pass the buck so much,

Q. What is the food like? What is the system like: What kind of controls do they use on people there?

A. The food is institution food: starchy and fattening, it's not nutricious. It's al-ways cold: not done or burned. (Anyone for school lunch three times a day?) If it were not for our dollar-a-week allow-ance we would starve (sob.)

A. The system is very in-consistent. They tell you that you are a good person: you are not bad. Then they turn around and lable your friends on the outside bad: they cannot come to see you because they are a bad influence, we are "better" than them. They really fuck your head up. They twist it around so much, they want you to conform to their standards. If you are not one of the people who choose to conform you are bad in their eyes. The sys-tem is so fucked up that I can't tell you what the sys-tem is.

A. The main control they use on the kids here is drugs:: downers, uppers, tranquilizers, etc. If you act up, start bitch-ing about the rules or other things, and down come the dopers. Another kind of control is "re-strictions:" (if you abuse your hour pass or otherwise infract the rules.) There is also the isolation room or ACU., the locked unit. Once in a while they use their heads and try to talk to you instead of using the other controls.

Q. What do you think of the other residents?

A. I love them all. I think that they are all beautiful pe-ople. They grow more within them-selves every day. The understand-ing we have among each other is so deep and far-out. I don't think that any of them should be locked up here: we need each other but we also need every one else who is not in Lorenz because we love people and want to meet them.

Q. Do you have anything you would like to tell us?

A. There is a lot to say and a lot I would like to share with every one about Lorenz. We get an hour pass a day to be out in the real world and to "get to know people". That is enough time to say "hi" and "goodbye" to your friends. If yo- are even ten minutes late you get twenty-four hours of restriction. So many things just make me sick; I get so upset.

If you would like to rap more about Lorenz or anything, just call 8346681 and ask for exten-tions 52 or 76. If we are out on an hour pass (which is rare) call back in an hour, (maybe two.)

Ka ren Tester

I heard the wind this morning
flow whispering through my hair
and it sure surprised me when
that rain
drop
hit my cheek
SPLAT
and I looked with a question
at the sky only to see how small
i
was compared to those
SKYSCRAPERS
I used to feel a lot taller
but I'm used to it now
so I just smiled and
walked into a dream on 5th Avenue

Heard a voice call my name
Pretended not to hear.
Shoved my hands into my
empty pockets, pursed my
lips and tried to whistle.
Wanted to whistle "God Bless
America" but forgot the tune
so when the voice called
again I knew my game
was up and looking over
my shoulder with a grin
I saw all the days of my
life stretched out behind
me like a thousand
White Whales stranded
on the shores of time

listen
the pleasant wind song
listen
the trees are hissing
listen

Snakes in the air!

daylight
seeing the
boldness
of our
love dance
blushed
and became
sunset

i must admit
that i am
prone to hearing
never-voices
in the night
fading remnants
of those songs and
pastel sounds
at dawn (if the air is right
at night)
songs will float for miles
at dawn
simply because they want to
and i let them

most poe
emmms
are just words
and words
and words
and more
wordswords
and
if you look closely
in the shadows of those
WORDS
you will see the poet
strangling himself

?!(paranoia)!?

i am living in the land of maggots
my flesh is growing green in the land of
ten thousand worms
i have maggots on my mind
maggots in my eyes
maggots in my ears
maggots in my mossy beard
but still
its lonely down here

with only the maggots to keep me company
always singing their nostalgic maggot
son gs in the rain
in the rain
in the rain

they sing their songs in the tepid rain
smiling the bittersweet smile of
maggothood in full blossom
yes
its sad
but its a fact
i am living in the land of maggots
my flesh is growing green in the
land of
ten thousand worms

sunlight
slanting white
through the bars
of my cell
chair and table
silent
in the presence of
their own
frozen
shadows

i can hear myself breathing

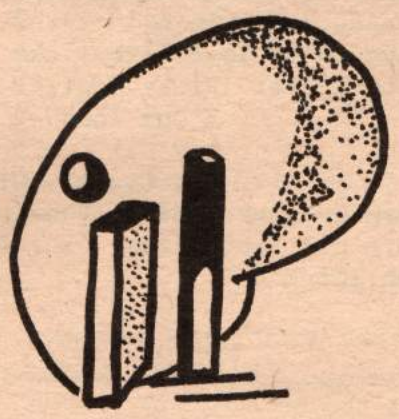
each day is a dream
i think each hour izza
dream hour each minute
a dream minute each second
a dream second of each
new dreeee
my country tis of thee
sweet land of (marvelous mechanical)
libertines will be the death of me
ino it will
"Shut up an follah die reck
shuns kid. See yuh insert
tab A in slot A an tab B
in slot B an den tab C
in slot C an dare yuh
have it kid, instant intercourse
automatic orgasm kid
Jeez I wish day woulda
had dis stuff when I
was a kid, kid."
(lets sing it out now)
land of the pilgrimspride
where our fathersdide

and are still dying
from general motors
general electric and
a general lack of principles

all my love goes to
the girl in the green dress
who walked barefoot
across the floor
just a moment ago

and paused smiling
in the doorway to
con
tem
plate
the tracks she had

left in the dust



CALENDAR

WEDNESDAY

A WOMAN IS A WOMAN
Davies Theatre WSUEC
6:00-8:30

THE WEAKER SEX?
Fine Arts Bldg. 168
4:00 PM

DEFENSE FUND MEETING
413 Emery Street
7:00 PM

THURSDAY

SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL
Davies Theatre WSUEC
6:00-8:30

GRASS ROOTS
Arena, WSUEC
8:00 PM

MAN OF LA MANCHA
Fine Arts Concert Hall, WSUEC
8:00 PM

SHEPHERD, Out-of-Site
Menomonie

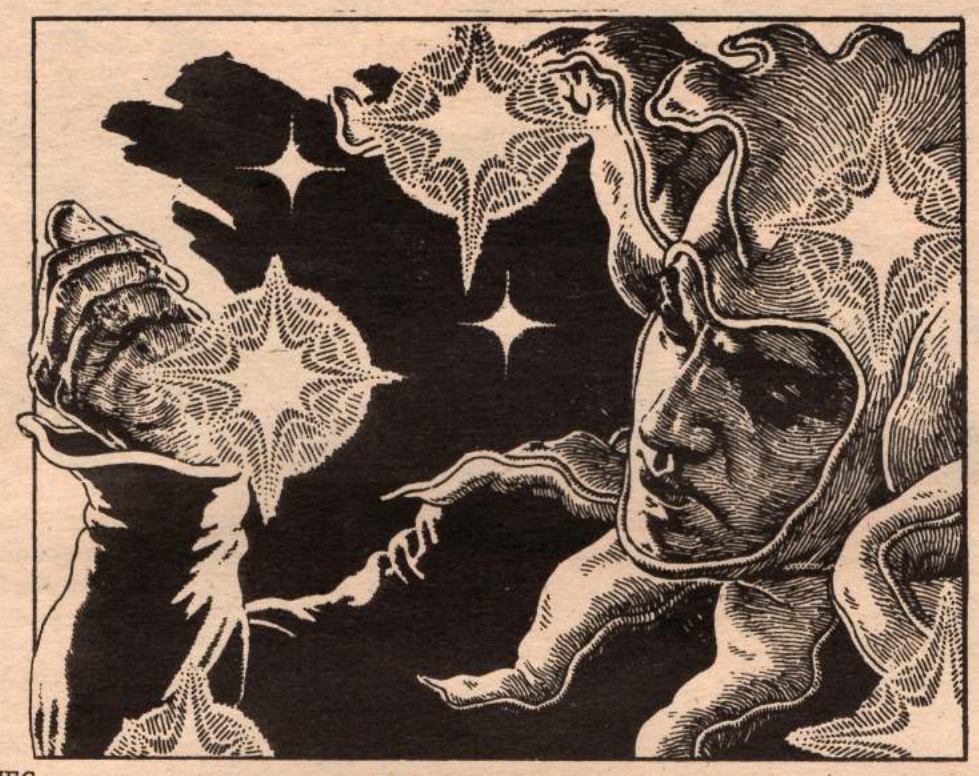
FRIDAY

SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL
(see March 18)

MAN OF LA MANCHA
(see March 18)

SATURDAY

SHEPHERD
Pines - Bloomer
6:00-8:30



WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD?

ALPHAVILLE
Davies Theatre,WSUEC
6:00-8:30

SUNDAY

ALPHAVILLE
Davies Theatre,WSUEC
6:00-8:30

MONDAY

GET YOURSELF SOME PAINT AND GO DOWNTOWN AND PAINT THE PAKING METERS. DO IT TODAY!

TUESDAY

MY LIFE TO LIVE
Davies Theatre, WSUEC
6:00-8:30

WEDNESDAY

MY LIFE TO LIVE
Davies Theatre
6:00-8:30

THURSDAY

FOSTER
Airway Bar
Marshfield

FRIDAY

FOSTER
Augusta VFW

SATURDAY

PIERROT LE FOU
Davies Theatre, WSUEC
6:00-8:30

FOSTER: The Park
Abbottsford

RICKY & THE SPITFIRES,
Town Hall, Blair
Enter the Ricky name the band contest (see below)

SUNDAY

PIERROT LE FOU
Davies Theatre, WSUEC
6:00-8:30

MONDAY

DR. HARVEY COX
Arena, WSUEC
8:00

TUESDAY

Take a day off. If you don't want to, you can always fuck up the system by getting some spray paint and spraying stop signs with STOP WAR, STOP RACISM, STOP SEXISM, And whatever you feel is necessary.

RICKY'S Name THE BaND contest

1. $5.00 gift certificate from Trucker's Union
2. 4 newly released albums
3. 1 yr. subscription to Our Town
4. 1 autographed Ricky & the Spitfires poster
5. 2 drumsticks from Matt
6. 2 of Denny's broken guitar picks
7. A set of "Hurd's" old guitar strings
8. A charicature of Stanley
9. Ricky's shoestrings from his saddle shoes

Last issue we ran an article on Ricky & the Spitfires. This issue, due to certain complications they have to change thier name. So they're giving you a chance to win all of the above prizes. All you have to do is fill out the entry blank below and send it to: Ricky Contest
% Our Town
Box 611
Eau Claire, Wis. 54701

Remember there can only be one winner and he/she will win all the prizes. Enter as many names as you can think up.

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

Band Names _____

_____

_____

Incidentally, Kresge has been fighting all kinds on unionization recently and quite effectively.

If there's a lesson to be learned, it's that hard work and diligence do not a friend of the corporation make. Even the best fed, seemingly secure laborer or white collar worker can be destroyed by an employer who just wants to save a buck of the stockholder's money. You, too, Mr. laborer, can starve to death in Amerika.

The former salesman, aware of the fact that even having been dismissed from prosecution, he had been effectively labeled a thief, wrote a letter to the local D.A. alleging that he had been asked to pay for merchandise that he never stole. Naturally, Durning didn't bother to investigate the matter.

The former salesman had spent $200 for a lawyer, had been effectively b blackballed, and yet had never been convicted of anything. He hadn't been able to find a job since, despite a college education plus plenty of experience in a couple of fields.

We'd appreciate further, personal material related to any of the issues in this story. And to of offer a bit of advice: if you're going to play the work-for-a-living game, talk to former employees of the firm your tying yourself to and be damned sure their references are good.